

UPON THE
REBUILDING the CITY,

The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor,

AND THE

Noble Company of Bachelors Dining with Him, May 5th 1669

N Or could *Prometheus*, when he would have stole
From jealous *Jupiter* a living cole
To animate his well dissembled clay,
Either prevail, or go unplug'd away,

Nor when proud Nature to recruit the earth
And brave Heaven, brought forth *Giants* at each birth,
(Those stalking *Mountains*, sons of slime and mud
The Reliques of the universal Flood)
Setting them all to work, as soon as born
Then when their *Highnesses*, did not think scorn
To tread the *Mortar*, and were *Masons* made,
And *Bricklayers*---the only thriving Trade,
Though they design'd, with high and pointed Towers
To pierce and stab those clouds, whose mighty showers
Had drown'd their Fathers, and to climb so high,
Till they pickt Stars (like Cowslips) from the sky,
Could they prevent their foolish *Babels* fall,
But were turn'd *canting*, *wandering Gypsies* all.

Nor shalt thou better speed (proud *Rome*) not Thou,
Though thou hast carried Empire on thy brow,
And with thy *Canons* made all Monarchs quake
As thunder doth the trembling *Mountains* shake:
No, though thy head, thy lofty head thou raise
To try thy horned strength with *Cynthia's*.

Nor shalt thou be the Prince of the Air
And with thee doth his vast Dominion share:
No, though thy Eagles wings thou stretch as wide
As *Sol* his beams, or *Neptune* doth his Tyde:
No, though thy greedy cruel breed be nurst
With the same milk thy Founder suckt at first:
And though thy zeal (Ah, cursed zeal!) aspire
To raise thy *Pope*, great *Pyramids* of fire,
From burned Cities: yet thy self (proud Dame)
Who burnt with *Sodoms* lust, shalt with her flame.
Where are thy *Fauxes* in their dark disguise,
Incendiary Priests, and subtle Spies,
Who when our *London's* fiery trial came,
Like *Salamanders* feasted in the flame,
And curst the hands that first should lay a Brick
Tow'rs the rebuilding that grand *Hereticks*:
Who when great *Greshams* spicy nest consum'd
(Though the immortal founder stood perfum'd
In the rich Incense) hug'd themselves to see
Our Monarchs martyr'd in *Effigie*.

Now let them stare and startle at the sight,
And Bark as Curs do at the Moons fair light:
Let them not boast their *Charls la Grand*, *la Boon*,
Great *Brittain* can outshine them both in One,
A Prince of far more gracious intents

Then all thy *Urbans*, *Clements*, *Innocents*,
Upon whose head shall stand a *Tripple Crown*,
When thy grand Tyrants shall be tumbled down,
Still on our *Thames* shall noble Barges ride,
When *Tyber* to a Ditch shall shrink her pride,
Our *Lions* still are *Rampant*, and our *Rose*
Yields her friends sweetness, prickles to our foes:
Our Citizens shall feast in their *Guild-Hall*,
And eat *Geese*---Patrons of thy *Capital*.
Justice and Mercy now shall guard her store,
And her *Mock-Giants* she shall need no more.
Th' *Exchange* that Royal Infant, shortly will
Her own and foreign Language speak with skill;

And on that *Acre* the Noon Sun shall see
All his long Travels in Epitomie:

We have our *Newgate* and old *Tyburn* too,
Ready to serve their Turns who turn to you.

Kind Heaven and all the Elements conspire
(And such conspiracy's we may desire)

To make our City fairer, stronger, higher,
The Sun gets up each morn at peep of day
To oversee the Work, and late doth stay
Before he lets the Labourers retreat,
As if he undertook the work by th' Great.

The Earth gives clay, the water moistens it;
The gentle Air tempers, and makes it fit,
And then the fire, as if it meant to make
Full satisfaction, and revenges take
Upon it self, (though in a smother'd way
As modest Thieves their injuries repay)

Works in the *Brick-kilne*, works till it grow sick,
And fainting dyes, leaving on every *Brick*
And every *Tyle* a lasting *Blush*, as who
Would say, for former *Mischief* this I do.

Nor doth the Sun alone the Work o're see,
But there is One as vigilant as he,

Pious, Loyal, Wise, Just May'r, a Lord
As *Zerubbabel* with ancient sword

And the *Trowel*, whose sweet voice hath power
(As *Orpheus* had to raise his *Theban* Towers)

To make the teeming bowels of the earth
Shoot up new *Buildings* by an easy birth.
He guards the *Sabbaths* with a holy care,
And blesteth all the Week by that *Dayes* prayer:

His *Magistracy* lies not in his Train,
His stately Steed, his Scarlet, or his Chain;
He, and his Sword in Velvet slumber sleep,
But watchful, God's peace and the Kings to keep:
With a strict hand the Ballance he doth hold,
Trying the *Cause* how weighty, not the Gold:
As he with Virtue meets, or with Offence,
So do his looks or smiles, or frowns dispence:
His smother *Chine* carrying a grave a grace,
As the *Diocessans* well bearded face.

Boast on (old *Beldame Rome*) and brag--Thou hast
Thousands of Sons and Daughters pure and chaste,
Yet thou shalt find for all their single Lives,
But little *Virgin Honey* in their *Arms*:
Those thievish *Drones* thy *Fryars* without wings,
Creep to thy *Nuns*, and leave behind their stings.
Thou hast thy *Joans* as well as *Popes*---Fame says,
Thy *Innocents* have their *Olimps*.

But *London* which the Nuptial Band allows,
And hates to lock her Virgins up in Vows,
Can glory in her *Batchelor Lord May'r*,
Chast as the *Dove*, though of the *Ravens* Hair:

The *Widow City* is his Spouse---and He
Cares for her Children and great Family:
Nor doth he stand (although he lies) alone
(He were a *Phanix* if he were but One)

But as the *Moon*, when she her progress goes,
The Court of Stars, as her Attendants shows:
So when *Beloved Turner* please to call,
Great Troops of *Batchelors* add to his Hall:
None male content, and yet *Many Virgins* all

On *May's* fifth day (Oh, 'twas a wondrous fight!)

Three hundred *Virgins*, *Virgins* day and night;
Virgins in *Breeches*, *Virgins* all as true,

As he for whom *Saint George* the *Dragon* slew;
Some hoary old, some young, but all were chaste
Either above, or underneath the waft;

None of them had they been in *Scottish* School;
Had grunted in the *Penitential Stool*;

None, had they liv'd in times of *Commutation*,
Had pay'd a stone to *Paul* for *Fornication*.

None from an *Ordeal* Trial need to fly
That *Purgatory* fire of Chastity;

None free of *Creswel Colledge*, not a Man
Need fear to meet a *Nurse* or some *Trappan*;

None of them all, (for ought the Poet knows)
Wears (though another's Hair) another's Nose.

My Lord himself, and all his Guests, I think
In the same Cup, might without danger drink;

Yet none, (if called lawfully) but can
Beget a Son, may prove an *old rm*.

These Sons of Peace, and Sons of Mars, if *Charls*
Please to take notice of his *Neighbours* snarls

Came not to shew their Valour in his Hall,
But to be *Custard*, batter *Pasty Wall*:

And their *Teeth* or *Knives* were sharpest set:
To take the *Red-coat-Lobster* by the back

And with bold hands, the clattering *Armour* crack;
But their chief errand was to pray he would

Command their Persons and accept their Gold.
And if their Votes and mone were current, He
Should their *Perpetual Dictator* be.

But if the scarlet *Sphere* must turn about
(Though turning round makes giddy heads I doubt)

Yet his *Exemplar* Government shall stand,
And teach Successors how they should command.

A *Virgin Queen*, and *Batchelor Lord Mayor*,
To *England* are as prosperous as rare,

She made the City love the Court, and He
The Court the City by his Loyalty.

He a wise Imitator of his King,
Finds *Moderation* is a Healing thing.

Oh, if our Churches *Overs* would yeild
And let poor Labourers come forth and build,

Such as *untemper'd Mortar* are not use,
Nor for Foundations, *straw* and *stubble* chuse;

Though every stone across they do not lay,
But some work one, and some another way,

Our *New Jerusalem* should soon behold
Sion in glory, though it wanted Gold.

Hard upon Hard, no lasting work will make,
Nor can one *Flint* another kindly break:

But *Moderation* is a *Cement* sure,
'Tis that which makes the *Builder* endure:

That makes our Climate pure, a temperate Zone
Betwixt the *Torrid*, and the *Frigid* One.

If we all build up *Pater-Noster-Row*,
We may let *Ave-Mary-Corner* go;

Black and *White* Priars did together stand,
And may again, if Wisdom might command,

If not, I'll say no more, but this will swear,
Bedlam and *Bishopsgate* near Neighbours are.